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are very unsatisfactory, and the time is arrived when truth must be elicited from you: when practical improvement, whether officially or *unofficially*, springing to the light, must supersede mere theory, however plausible and vauntingly exhibited on the dead subject.—I claim a privilege to ask you—First, Whether there is any *practical* system at all of the veterinary art taught at the College of which you are *professor*? Secondly, Whether, if there be *any* system taught, is there one, or how many, instances of a pupil of yours succeeding in practice who has implicitly adopted it? And, Thirdly, Is it not well known that those who have succeeded, have been those only, who were bold and ingenuous enough to abandon that system, and to form and act upon one of their own? Fourthly, Is it not true that lame, glandered and mangy cattle swarm both in the camp and the country, and that you yourself are ashamed of having promulgated your visionary theories? These questions will be most easy for you to answer, if your mind feels its own ability and its own rectitude; for next to being faultless, is the acknowledgement of error; but you must use more convincing language than your *worthy* relative—that it will be more *gentlemanly*, I cannot doubt.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

A Subscriber to the Oxford-Street Institution

Ridden, Printer, Steel's Court, Lee's News, Grosvenor-Sq.

Second Edition.

A

L E T T E R,

ADDRESSED TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE REGENT,

IN

VINDICATION

OF THE

SYSTEM OF SHOEING

THE

FOOT OF THE HORSE,

AS PRACTISED BY THE

VETERINARY COLLEGE,

IN REPLY TO AN ATTACK CONTAINED IN AN ADDRESS TO
THE BRITISH PUBLIC, RECOMMENDING A DIFFERENT
PLAN OF SHOEING, ETC. BY CAPTAIN BLAGRAVE.

WITH REMARKS ON THE LATE SCURRILOUS

" EPISTLE TO PROFESSOR COLEMAN, Esq."

BY

GEORGE PRICE,

Ordnance Veterinary Surgeon to the Medway District, and formerly
of the Twentieth Dragoons.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY J. MORTON, 272, STRAND.

And to be had of all Booksellers; ~~and at the~~ ~~House~~

1812.

[REDACTED]

The First Edition of this Letter was not published for Sale. After the Manuscript had been, by command of the Prince Regent, referred to the Board of Ordnance, 200 Copies were distributed among such as were considered the most likely to form an impartial opinion on the subject. As Capt. Blaggrave has thought proper, through the medium of an anonymous writer, to offer what he called Remarks, and to substitute scurrility instead of argument, in reply to the assertions I have made, I have felt it my duty to let the Public judge between us.

The following is a Reply to a (*kind of*) Prospectus of a Plan, *said to be* for the improved Treatment of the Horse's Foot, addressed to the British Public by Captain BLAGRAVE, late of the Royal Artillery Drivers, assisted by a Mr. GOODWIN, formerly one of the Veterinary Surgeons in His Majesty's Service, the said Plan *professing to be* "under the immediate Patronage of the Prince Regent."

To His Royal Highness

THE PRINCE REGENT
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

YOUR Royal Highness's character, in public affairs, has ever been of too decided a nature to require much ceremony in soliciting your attention to any subject, where the interests of your Country are concerned; and your private character is sufficiently known, among all ranks, for manly integrity, not to need any apology for the exposition of falsehood, particularly when such falsehood has the temerity to *pretend* to the sanction of your authority.

From the moment I first perused the bold and unqualified untruths asserted by Captain Blagrave (in his Address to the Public), relative to the practice of Veterinary Surgeons in the Army, I felt, in common with the rest of the Profession, the immediate necessity of repelling so calumnious a charge; and naturally expected that Mr. Coleman (as Head of the Department) would at

least see the necessity of making *some* reply.—Whether that Gentleman considers Captain Blaggrave as *professionally* too insignificant to merit any answer from *his* pen, I know not; but I confess I am at a loss to conjecture how your Royal Highness, or the Public, are to detect the fallacy of any statement (made under such *plausible* circumstances, however gross the imposition), so long as it is suffered to remain uncontradicted.

As a humble individual of that body whom Captain Blaggrave has thought proper to vilify, I will no longer trust my professional character to the keeping of any man, but most submissively beseech of your Royal Highness to interfere in the behalf of truth. The dissemination of false doctrine is generally injurious, in proportion to the apparent respectability of the propagator; and, when the rank in life of Captain Blaggrave is considered, the extent and nature of his connexions, and, above all, that high sense of honour, and love of truth, which ought to distinguish the profession to which he belongs, it becomes doubly the duty of every one interested in the welfare of that noble and valuable animal, the Horse, to prevent the *introduction* of any plan (strengthened by such imposing authority) which might again lead us into those errors, which it has been the continued exertion of the Veterinary Practice to remove.

I am willing to believe that Captain Blaggrave *may be* sincere in his hopes of success from the

adoption of his plan; and if so (*however wrong he may be*), it amounts at most only to an error in judgment; but candour itself must acknowledge that he can avail himself of *this plea no farther*; and every liberal mind will ask, by what authority, upon what grounds, he charges a whole body of men (the Army Veterinary Surgeons) with being apostates to their creed, as *professing* one thing, and *practising* another. The sanction of Mr. Goodwin, a Veterinary Surgeon, *regularly educated*, may, for a moment, give a colour of plausibility to this bold assertion; but I believe it would be difficult for Captain Blagrave to produce such another instance of professional prostitution as this person has furnished him with, at least I hope so. Unfortunately there are men in all ranks, who, for the sake of the profit novelty are ever certain of producing in the metropolis, that will sanction with their *names*, what their judgments must condemn, otherwise we should not have to lament the late enormous increase of quacks, both in religion and politics, as well as in medicine, in opposition to the most established truths. *This*, indeed, is the *only* charitable mode of accounting for our finding the name of a regular *professional* man, joined with Captain Blagrave's, in *such a plan*; for I will not pay so ill a compliment to this person's understanding, as to believe for a moment that he places the least faith in the doctrines to which he has *sold* his name; on the contrary, he *cannot but know* (from his professional

education) that there is nothing *new* in the plan recommended by Captain Blagrave; it merely trains us back to those errors, which a practice of twenty years has endeavoured to remedy.

I confidently repeat to your Royal Highness, that a deliberate conviction of the absurdity of the practice *now* recommended by Captain Blagrave more than *twenty years ago*, led to the system of shoeing and treatment of the horse's foot, as at present practised by the Veterinary College; that *such practice* has fully *been proved* to answer every expectation, and that so far from the Veterinary Surgeons in His Majesty's service having occasion to be *ashamed* of their *theory* in *their practice*, a *steady adherence* to the principles of the former, is their best security for success in the latter. This is most triumphantly proved by the *entire removal of those diseases* (which were the result of *the very mode of shoeing now recommended by Captain Blagrave*); *many* of these diseases, such as cankered feet, &c. &c. were *formerly fatal*. *All of which* are now utterly unknown throughout His Majesty's cavalry.

If there was any truth in the principles laid down by Captain Blagrave, it would naturally follow that in exact ratio as the frog of the horse's foot was exposed to come in contact with hard substances, would it be liable to become (what he terms) bruised, and consequently diseased; whereas (unfortunately for this position) the *direct reverse* is the case *invariably*. And your Royal

Highness can upon ocular demonstration convince yourself, by a selection of *all sorts of horses* from *all sorts of work*, that in proportion as the frog of the horse's foot is upon a level with the heels (I may say as it is *bold* and *prominent*), will the foot be found to be sound and healthy; and as the frog is prevented (by removal from pressure) from exercising its natural functions, according to the length of time and degree in which its functions have been so suspended, will the foot be found to be in a state of disease.

The injudicious application of Mr. Coleman's *thin-heeled* shoe, by the enemies to the Veterinary College, is what alone has brought it into dis-repute; to guard against this misapplication has ever been Mr. Coleman's endeavour, both in his lectures and in his writings, by forcibly inculcating this truth:—"that the *very worst possible* shoe "would do less injury to the animal, if the foot "was properly prepared to receive it, than the "very best shoe, if such attention was neglected "in preparing the foot;" and in all cases he recommends, "that where the frog has been long "removed from pressure, either by an improper "quantity of iron at the heels of the shoe, or an "improper depth of horn at that part of the foot, "to lower the heels no more at each time of shoe- "ing, than what could be taken from the length "of the toe," thereby keeping the foot in the state of equilibrium in which we found it; thus, even in *this instance*, the doctrine of straining the

horse, by *letting him too suddenly down*, falls to the ground. But how will the utmost ingenuity of man find a rational objection to the *thin-heeled* shoe on its *first* application to the foot of a *Colt*; for however *small* a quantity of iron is *first put*, cannot have the effect of letting the horse down (as attempted to be proved by the opponents to the veterinary system of shoeing, &c.), and still less can the frog be *more exposed* than it was in the natural state of the foot; indeed, the taking of Nature for our basis, and keeping the foot as much in that state, as the artificial mode in which we use the animal will admit of, has led to those beneficial results, which few, I believe, will attempt to dispute, except the ci-devant Captain and his renegado Vet. and the lovers of novelty for novelty's sake.

I beg pardon for expecting your Royal Highness should devote your valuable time to such points, it only remains for me thus publicly to contradict the charge made by Captain Blaggrave, "that the *practice* of the Veterinary Surgeons in His Majesty's service, is at variance with their *theory*;" and I appeal to the whole of those Gentlemen to bear me out in the statement I have made, which so far may be said to amount only to "*assertion against assertion*." I therefore hereby pledge myself (whenever your Royal Highness will graciously condescend to afford me an opportunity), that I will *practically* confute, and clearly demonstrate to the conviction of your Royal High-

ness, that the most baneful effects are certain to result from the system of shoeing, and treatment of the horse's foot, as recommended by Captain Blaggrave.

It is my duty humbly to state to your Royal Highness what are *my* pretensions to solicit your attention, in opposition to those of Captain Blaggrave. After regularly prosecuting my studies as a Veterinary Surgeon, I obtained my Diploma, signed by "Henry Cline, Dr. Babington, and Professor Coleman," part of the Medical Committee for the examination of Students from the Veterinary College. I was then appointed, at the recommendation of Lord Heathfield, Veterinary Surgeon to the 20th Dragoons, on their arrival from Jamaica, and continued in that regiment during the whole period of its being *remounted*, till they were again ordered for service. I was then (being thought a proper subject, having a large family) removed to the Ordnance service, as a more stationary duty. In the Eastern District, I had the constant charge of more than one thousand horses, besides the recruiting of great numbers for other parts. On the late expedition to the Scheldt, I had intrusted to my selection and care nearly the same number of horses belonging to the Ordnance. My present station is chiefly used as a dépôt for young horses, recruited and sent from Woolwich; and in the course of *ten* years of this sort of *varied* practice, I never knew or heard of a *well-authenticated case*, where the practice,

as recommended by the Veterinary College, was productive of any other consequences than what were highly beneficial to his Majesty's service.

I have the honour,
Most respectfully to subscribe myself,
Your Royal Highness's,
Most faithful, and most devoted
humble servant,

GEORGE PRICE.

Veterinary Surgeon to H. M. Ordnance,
for the Medway District.

Artillery Barracks, Chatham.

NOTE.—*By return of post I received the following answer to my letter, which I inclosed, under cover, to the Secretary to the Prince Regent.*

"Major-General Turner presents his compliments to Mr. George Price, and has the honour to inform him, that his statement has been, by command of the Prince Regent, referred to the Board of Ordnance."

" York House, 30th September, 1811."

The result of the enquiry has proved, that Captain Blagrave's statement in his Prospectus, relative to the Practice of Veterinary Surgeons in the Army, is utterly devoid of truth.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A THING*, styling itself "A Subscriber to the Oxford-street Institution," in a Grub-street production, entitled, "An Epistle to Mr. Professor Coleman," has thought proper to offer what it calls Remarks on the foregoing Letter, to use the elegant language of the Epistle, I hope I shall soon prove how "*preciously absurd*" these Remarks are; and I have no doubt create a blush of shame on the face of those who have been induced to lend their interest to a cause, requiring such wretched means of support. In respect to my biography—from what source this *thing* of an author derived *its* information, I know not; but I beg leave to state, that there is not *one word of truth* from the beginning to the end of it. I have, indeed, been fond of "handling the ribbon," from a child, and felt the greatest delight "*in rumpling the sarsnet;*" but neither of these amusements, in the sense my Biographer has implied.

* I have been compelled to designate *it* a *thing*, because there is no distinct species of composition by which I can form any probable conjecture as to the *gender* of the writer; the style is not sufficiently impassioned for a female, and far too flimsy for my ideas of male composition. It may wear breeches, but the cowardly mode of attack proves it *cannot be a man*.

† In the Epistle, I am called "a quondam dealer in sarsnet ribbons, " and shoe ties;" and said to have stepped from behind a counter into my curriole, on being appointed Veterinary Surgeon to the 20th Dragoons. How eight shillings a day was to effect this, I am at a loss to guess.

At the early age of 15, I commenced with the profession of the law; not liking that study, I went into the Militia, and obtained my first commission before I was seventeen years old—so that *more than one half of my life* has been spent in His Majesty's service: indeed, there is a whimsical coincidence in Captain Blaggrave's pursuits and mine in early life. The author of the Epistle is equally unfortunate in applying the title of "*Loving Cousin*," (and arguing therefrom—a collusion) between Mr. Coleman and me; though *nearly allied to that Gentleman by marriage*, we have not for years past been even on speaking terms. Having, therefore, thus far proved that this *thing* of an author has not written *one word of truth*, I will proceed with the examination of the Epistle—but I must take the author from off the *stilts* of metaphor, and examine the Remarks (*as they are called*) on my Letter, by plain common sense. The Epistle contradicts itself palpably in several instances—and the author, like many before him, quotes from another language without understanding our own poor mother-tongue; for instance, I am called in page 10 of the Epistle, "a *hacker* of hoofs;" and yet, in page 13, I am condemned for holding the horse's foot so "sacred from the knife." Thus much for the consistency of this *literary* advocate of apostacy and quackery.

The Epistle, it is declared, was wrote "not with a view of supporting Captain Blaggrave's

" system of managing horses—the *almost invariable*
 " success attending its practice—speaking loud
 " enough*"—of course not? All that is as clear as
 the sun at noon-day—*even more so*; it is *as clear*
 as what the Captain tells us in his Prospectus—
is true; that he is not influenced by any sordid
 ideas of *filthy lucre*; *his rank, his character, his*
connections—setting him *far above* such suspi-
 cions†.

The author of this Grub-street production tells us, that the Epistle was written to *amuse himself*, and the *Noblemen, &c.* who are the supporters of the Oxford-street Institution. What a satire is this upon those distinguished characters! Is there a man in *any rank of life* but who would feel ashamed to acknowledge, that he could be amused by such a production? Does this *thing* dare *even to insinuate*, that the Great Personage alluded to, could be pleased with such wretched stuff? There is not even an attempt at argument throughout the whole. Had the author even been correct in my biography, how would that have affected my present, or future knowledge of the structure and diseases of the horse. John Hunter was a carpenter, and Lord Erskine a sailor, yet no one ever made an objection to their professional acquirements on that account.

* If this is *literary language*, the Lord defend me from ever having such an *advocate*.

† The common cant of every quack, from Katterfelto to the present hour. The subscription of two guineas to the Institution, and one guinea to the *Forge*, incontestibly proves the *truth of all this*.

After the necessary foundation—the study of the *structure* and *economy* of the horse, I have, for ten years past, had the most ample field for experience in the *diseases of the animal*; yet it appears that these advantages are mere pretensions, compared to the *all-asserting Joseph Blaggrave's claims* to public notice. *My opportunities* of acquiring information, in the course of my profession, *nothing*; when compared to those of a *Militia and Driver Captain*. Yet this miserable defender of a miserable cause, acknowledges, in page 8 of the Epistle, that *the Captain* “does “not pretend to professional—that is, anatomical skill,” which is, in fact, admitting that he is ignorant of the *existence, situation, formation* and *functions*, consequently *diseases*, of the contents of the hoof, on which the principles and practice of shoeing ought chiefly to be founded*. Would any man employ another to rectify his watch, merely because he was acquainted with the starface? and as to *the Captain's perfect knowledge* of the living animal, it may be useful to him as a jockey, on the turf, or in the field; but by no means conveys the necessary information to treat, with any chance of success, the internal diseases to which the horse may be *liable*. When

* The author of the Epistle gives us (among a variety of other notable speculations of the Captain's) the following:—In a note, page 12,—“Captain Blaggrave *proves*, that amongst the many evils induced by bringing the frog in contact with the ground, *an abatement of speed is not the least.*” According to this doctrine the method, so long and so successfully adopted, of shoeing race-horses with *tips*, or *half-shoe*, ought to be abandoned, and the *long-heeled blunted shoe* of “Joseph Blaggrave, Esq.” instantly adopted.

people do not possess the *substance* of patronage, they are fond of *parading the shadow*. I am pompously told "to move my doctortorial limbs into "the office of the Institution, where I may see "the permission to use the Prince Regent's name, "in the hand-writing of one of His Royal High- "ness's principal attendants." Whoever doubted *this kind* of permission? I merely said that I disbelieved His Royal Highness ever granted his patronage to the extent claimed (to the unqualified abuse which this Institution, under the colour of his high name, thought proper to bestow upon a whole profession). It is impossible to take up a newspaper without seeing the Prince Regent's nominal sanction to the vending of cosmetics, and a variety of things; am I therefore bound to consider his Royal Highness as having that kind of confidence in the infallibility of these nostrums, *as to take them himself*? With the urbanity which distinguishes that exalted character, it is impossible, in his situation, to refuse all the requests of this nature, which may, through such various channels, be made to his benevolence. I well remember, some years since, seeing, finely emblazoned in golden characters, the name of "*Ben-*"
jamin Tiffin, Bug Destroyer to His Majesty;" but I did not, *as a boy*, even believe that the King employed this *Mr. Tiffin* for any such purpose. Why not tell us of the number of horses they have had entrusted to their care by the Prince Regent —what were their cases—and the success of the

treatment adopted? This would have answered their purpose better than all the scurrility of the Epistle. But this they could not do, and hence arose all their abuse. Another gross contradiction appears in the note, page 6. The success of Captain Blagrave's system is said to be owing to "the approbation and celebrity it met with, in "the *Sussex District*;" and from his having "communicated it to some particular friends;" and yet in page 12, it is ridiculously called a "*secret*," and said *not to have been communicated to any one*;" indeed, there is no end to such absurdities, and I say again, God defend me from such an advocate.

A Gentleman, who has distinguished himself by several *really literary* works on Agriculture, &c. (to whom I lent this infamous Epistle, and who was more than half inclined to give Joseph Blagrave, Esq. and Mr. Goodwin, *credit for a something*), burst into a laugh when he came to the *secret mode of shoeing*, and exclaimed, "I see "now plainly through the business, *the whole is a gag to get money from the credulous*; for who "but a fool would believe in a *secret plan for shoeing horses in the eighteenth century!!!!*" It shews a curious taste in the followers and admirers of the Captain, to select SUSSEX as the source from which he is to gather his laurels; of all places on earth this ought to have been the last; for *there* his success was (to borrow a *very descriptive phrase* from my biographer) *almost invariably of*

that *negative kind*, that would have been conclusive to a mind less sanguine than the Captain's. I know not what particular cases he might select for the entertainment of his *private* friends, but this I know upon good authority, that the Public suffered by his notorious quackery; and that more aggravated cases of lameness, more shamefully diseased horses were sent to head-quarters from the Sussex District, than from all the other out-ports in England, *put them altogether!!!*

My Letter to the Regent is termed, by the author of this chaste Epistle, arrogant, abusive and absurd; though I undertook to *prove* what I advanced, and courted enquiry into the truth of the statement I made in contradiction to "*Joseph Blaggrave, Esq.*" I am reprobated for my vanity in supposing that the Prince Regent would pay any attention to my Letter. His Royal Highness did pay every attention which I could either expect or desire. He referred the matter, to what he considered the proper authority; and the result of the enquiry has been such as clearly to prove that *the Captain of the Oxford-street Institution* had not a shadow of authority for his infamous aspersions on the character of the Army Veterinary Surgeons. If the author of the Epistle supposes that I should feel *gratified by shoeing a horse*—even in the Royal Presence—I fear he entertains a wrong conception of my ideas of loyalty; at all events, he very much mistakes the nature of my ambition; therefore fine as *he*

may consider the allegorical representation of my dream, when tried by the test of sober truth, it is all sheer nonsense, and more like the raving of a Bedlamite than the language of a writer who professes to advocate the cause of science. In fact the whole Epistle proves, to any man acquainted with Veterinary history, that the writer is grossly ignorant of the subject he has attempted to treat upon. The thin-heeled shoe had been used with success by Osmer long before Mr. Coleman's time ; and his objection to the foot of the horse being held sacred from the knife* ; and to the frog and hoof jogging on, *as he terms it*, lovingly together, that is, as God formed them, is the same as if he objected to his nose and face continuing their present intimacy and proportion ; indeed, that prominent feature, the proboscis, is very likely, I think, to become elongated by the fingers of any man of common courage, if the author of the Epistle *in propria persona*, deals his abuse as liberally as he does under the mask of a Subscriber.

The answer to the four questions, at the conclusion of the Epistle, is plain and easy enough.

First.—There is a practical system of the veterinary art taught at the Veterinary College—a system founded on an anatomical knowledge of the animal, and every pupil takes his routine of duty, in personally dressing wounds, and applying the

* I mean so far only ought the knife to be used, as to get rid of that accumulation of morbid matter, which *Nature* herself cannot get rid off, in consequence of the *artificial covering of the shoe*.

remedies, in the different cases, as prescribed by the Professor.

Secondly.—I never heard of *any man* succeeding in practice, as a Veterinary Surgeon, who did not take Nature for his guide, as recommended by the Veterinary College.

Thirdly.—I know *one Mr. Goodwin*, who *may consider himself bold and ingenious* in departing from the College practice, *who did not succeed* at either *Oxford or Newmarket*; and that his successor at the former place, who implicitly follows the College practice, has (*where Mr. Goodwin failed*) met with success fully equal to his wishes, although the name of Goodwin was, for some time, a great obstacle to his advancement.

Fourthly.—In regard to the diseases of the horses in the army—lame, mangy, and glandered cattle *do not swarm* in the army; on the contrary, those diseases are very rare, considering the great number of horses, and the way in which they are exposed to contagion. Whatever *other causes of shame* the Professor may have for his official conduct, it is clear that what he *has published* cannot be received among them.

That the Veterinary practice in the army has been productive of benefit to the Public, the following opinion of a Board of General Officers, who were ordered to report on the subject, fully proves:

“ That the loss of horses accruing to the cavalry was heretofore very heavy, owing to the total ignorance of those who, previous to the

" appointment of Veterinary Surgeons, had the
 " medical care of them ; and that this Establish-
 " ment has afforded essential improvement to that
 " part of the military service, and thereby ulti-
 " mately must be, and has been, the means of
 " considerable saving to the Public."

This Report His Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve.

The writer of the Epistle talks about the farriers at *his end of the town* (which, from his abuse, I consider to be St. Giles's) *trying to shoe horses like the Captain*—as if there was any difficulty for an able workman to make a shoe from *any pattern*.

In respect to the supporters of the Institution in Oxford-street, I am, indeed, but too well aware that some men, of the first influence in equestrian matters, have been rendered hostile to the Veterinary College—not from any fault in the Institution itself, or in the great body of Veterinary Practitioners in general, but from causes I hope to be able clearly to point out, in a Work I intend shortly to publish. Captain Blagrave knows full well how to convert this hostility to his personal advantage, and to make these distinguished characters act as *decoy ducks* to others ; he will by dash, I know, this spring endeavour to give the Institution every possible eclat ; but though he may get barouche upon barouche, equipage after equipage, to give a stage effect to his Shoe Manufactory in Oxford-street, I foretel, that after this

season, the *Thing will die a natural death*, and the Captain be obliged to seek some other profession*.

There is a kind of obscure threat held out towards me in the Epistle. I can only say, that I am “*equally armed for either field.*” Valour that has taken so long to heat, has no terrors for me; and if the Captain, or Mr. Goodwin, feel inclined to “*Try the cause,*” I flatter myself that they will find me more “*Learned in the Law,*” than I am in “*shoe ties.*” And now before I conclude, I will address a few words, personally, to the Captain, and his friend Mr. Goodwin, that (medical weathercock †). I solemnly declare, that in my Letter to the Prince Regent, I was influenced by no other motive, than what I conceived to be a duty, to contradict the assertions made by Captain Blagrave in his Prospectus, which I felt, as far as my own observation went, to be utterly false; and I felt justified in using the expressions I did towards Mr. Goodwin, from his palpable apostacy. Had Messrs. Blagrave and Goodwin been content to have let the Oxford-street Institu-

* Just before the opening of the Institution, Captain B. met a Gentleman, well known to the writer of this, and, with all the pomposity of a little great man, declared that “*that he was pestered to death by his friends—for his advice in Veterinary matters; and that he had adopted the plan of the Oxford-street Institution, on purpose to get rid of them.*” We perfectly agree with him that he could not have hit upon a more happy expedient, for even the partiality of friends will not long bear up against the effects of the Captain’s quackery.

* It is not long since this person brought forward a horse shoe, which, though of a new pattern, in its application fully admitted the propriety of the frog receiving that pressure, which the College practice recommends, and which Mr. Goodwin now utterly denies it should receive. Thus much for his consistency!!!

tion rest upon its own merits, it could not fail very soon to have found its proper level. But when they commenced their career by a foul and unqualified attack upon a whole body of men, like the Army Veterinary Surgeons, however much they might build upon the constitutional apathy of the Professor, they could not suppose that the whole profession would quietly sit down under their abuse. God knows there are fools enough in the metropolis to afford *an honest livelihood* to quacks of every description, without resorting to the abuse of regular Practitioners. Dear me witness ye Bradum's and ye Bree's, ye Swinton's and ye Solomon's, ye De Velno's and Van Butchel's, and a thousand others, Capt. Blagrave and I may differ as to what is, or is not the proper language of a Gentleman (which, unfortunately very indefinite in the present day) but I do assure him that he shall never experience from *me* conduct that is *unmanly*. I will never, assassin-like, *stab in the dark*. I will never write that, to which I would be either *ashamed* or *afraid to put my name*; and in all cases I should consider it my duty to ascertain the *truth* of a statement, before I gave it to the Public, particularly in what regarded a man's private history. If ever I *condescend* to become the *Captain's* biographer, he shall find that I possess better sources of intelligence, respecting his career through life, than the author of the wretched Epistle appears to have had of mine.

I have one particular request to make—I do

most earnestly beg of Captain Blaggrave, that though I have clearly proved there is not one word of truth in the "Epistle to Professor Coleman," he will not, on this *slight account*, call it in with such unseasonable haste, as he did his far-fall'd Prophets. I beseech him not to deprive the literary world of such an intellectual treat, as the elegant Epistle cannot fail to prove to all who peruse it. Let it be carefully preserved in the "Cabinets of the Curious," as a precious specimen of solid sense and sound argument in the eighteenth century, displayed in the "*Defence of a Secret Plan for Shooting Horses!!!!?*"

GEORGE PRICE,

*Ordnance Veterinary Surgeon,
Macclesfield District.*

Chatham Lines, 1st. February, 1812.

